high reputation with Scottish audiences. But the stage manager and father alike reckoned without their actress! When they tried to put me into the mustard-pot, I yelled lustily and showed more lung-power than aptitude for the stage.

" Pit your child into the mustard-pot, Mr. Terry/' said the stage manager.

" D-----n you and your mustard-pot, sir ! " said my mortified father. " I won't frighten my child for you or any one else 1 "

But all the same he was bitterly disappointed at my first dramatic failure, and when we reached home he put me in the corner to chasten me. " *You'll* never make an actress ! " he said, shaking a reproachful finger at me.

It is *my* mustard-pot, and why Kate should want it, I can't think I She hadn't yellow hair, and she couldn't possibly have behaved so badly. I have often heard rny parents say significantly that they had no trouble with *Kate 1* Before she was four, she was dancing a hornpipe in a sailor's jumper, a rakish little hat, and a diminutive pair of white ducks ! Those ducks, marked " Kate Terry," were kept by mother for years as a precious relic, and are, I hope, still in the family archives !

I stick to the mustard-pot, but I entirely disclaim the little Duke of York in Richard III., which some one with a good memory stoutly insists he saw me play before I made my first appearance as Mamilius. Except for this abortive attempt at Glasgow, I was never on any stage

even for a rehearsal until 1856, at the Princess's Theatre, when I appeared with Charles Kean in " A Winter's Tale."

The man with the memory may have seen Kate as one of the Princes in the Tower, but he never saw me with her. Kate was called up to London in 1852 to play Prince Arthur in Charles Kean's production of